and the solemn With autumn tints The purple fruit and the Shone fair in the tempered light, While the anthem rose as free and strong As an eagle's skyward

When the people passed from out the door. Some gazed with ridicule

On a ragged beggar, old and blind, Who stood in the vestibule,

The parson stayed a moment's space By the beggar grim and gray: He said: "Good morrow, my worthy friend, Are you giving thanks to-day? Move on-no doubt your dinner waits;" And the parson went his way.

The beggar smiled: "My Father's lands Extend from sea to sea; He feeds the ravens when they cry, And He'd save a crumb for me.

Somewhere within His wide domain

A table doth await; Beneath some humble cotter's roof, Or by the rich man's gate; I only know I need not haste, I will not be too late."

Then Farmer Kent passed where he stood; He was a kindly man, With shoulders broad, and heartsome voice. And cheek and brow of tan.

He sain: "I own as fair a home As is beneath the sky; Yet, when I catch the scent of flame, Or when the wind is high, I fear, mayhan, a smoking heap

Will great my eager eye. My fields are rich with flocks and herds, My wife is good and tair: And half a score of girls and boys Crowd close about my chair.

"If I could know death would not come And all their beauty blight-This morn I was a happy man,

I may not be to-nigat. Shall not the Judge of all the earth Do for His own the right? Some time agone, it is not long, Your fortune fair was mine; My wealth took wings and flew away; But shall I fret and pine?

"My wife and child-green grows the turf Above their place of rest; No drop of blood is kin to me, There is no lowly nest To call my own; and yet I'm sure

The Father doeth best. When summer breezes round me play, And sunshine warms my face, I fare along, I only know I'll find my rightful place.

4 And when the summer days are dead, When ice and frost and snow Blot out the sun and hide the earth, And fierce winds wildly blow, Still trusting to my Father's hand, Upon my way I go.

The summer leaves and running brooks Were never more His own Than are the frosts and biting winds That chill me to the bone."



Then Farmer Kent took off his hat; He said: "I came to-day To hear the parson talk of Heaven, And, haply, show the way; But the truest preacher I have seen

Is this beggar, lean and gray. Now come with me; from this day forth You are my bonored guest " The beggar shrank-the farmer said: 'The Father knoweth best.

"He leadeth you, He leadeth me, He brought us all the way. Through paths of sin, and doubt, and pai

To this Thanksgiving Day, That you might teach me how to trust, To thank Him, and to pray. A cozy nook awaits for you Beside my ample hearth;

Aha! He never makes mistakes. The Judge of all the earth."

DICK BLAKE.

The Story of His Thanksgiving Rose-How He Won It.



[Written for this paper.] HE THANKSGIV ing story of fiction family roof-tree, the derers' return, all connected by a thread of love or duly thankful-

pathos, as the case may be, are quite familiar to present day readers. It vaguely occurs to me that I have Dick. ing tale which itself is connected with could one expect from a young man who

Sim-Theodosia Brown's monkey. The monkey was only a part of Mrs. heretical professors at Andover. Brown's menage-menagerie, Mrs. Bax-Mrs. Theodosia Brown had inherited from ings worthy of being counted.

Dick Blake, who had the room opposite, was never annoyed by Mrs. Brown's pets. Indeed, generally speaking, they were to gentleman being strongly suspected of enhim a source of perpetual joy and comfort. It might have been the extreme interest heart and bank account. which'he took in them all-the alligator excepted-that led the fair widow to fancy that in spite of her six years of seniority she had made a conquest of the handsome young fellow at whom she had cast lan-

dream of the interest he had aroused in the thought rather a nest remark. widow's heart. Indeed, he would as soon have thought of making love to Mrs. Bax-

already been pre-empted. g to the fancy of her friends. Dick where to get away from his sorrow-from called her Miss Francie always, pending himself.
thetame when he fondly hoped to call her While Francie darling. Her room was up three note was slipped under flights, and Mrs. Theodosia Brown always tents were as follows: spoke of her in view of her occupation as

way of Francis Bruton.

Now, Dick's heart had long before gone out into Francie's keeping. If the young girl herself was aware of this she made no sign. Why should she when he had never spoken-in words. But on this particular day Dick Blake had resolved to ----put it to the test

And win-or lose it all." This, then, was the meaning of the sheet after sheet which, completed and torn up in disgust, filled his waste-paper basket Thanksgiving morning, while small Sim, the monkey, having temporarily escaped at the disturbed water with infinite interest from the open transom over the door. But finally Dick managed to compress his hopes, fears and desires into four

closely-woven pages of commercial note. "If I may venture to hope," he said, in a burst of originality at the close, "will you wear at your throat when you come down to dinner one of the Jacqueminots the chamberma d left on your dressingcase this morning " and signed his name. This epistle, enveloped and addressed, he took up-stairs. Miss Francie's door stood a little ajar. He rapped once, twice, but only echoed replied. Hesitating a moment, Mr. Blake stepped softly in and with a half reverent glance about the prettily furnished little apartment with its atmos-



HE WAS MET ON THE LOWER CORRIDOR. phere of womanly purity and taste, laid the letter on a chair where it would catch the young girl's eye on entering, and withdrew.

He was met on the lower corridor by the stylish widow, in a most becoming morning negligee. Had Mr. Blake seen her naughty, naugh-

ty Sim that morning! Mr. Blake had. He was even then placidly munching bonbons in his favorite resort the open transom over Mr. Blake's door.

Yet a glance at the transom showed that it was empty. Sim, taking advantage of Dick's absence, had probably descended in quest of more bonbons. It was a way he had.

But a thorough search of the room, which Mrs. Brown's sense of propriety did not permit her to enter, revealed no trace of the missing link. So finally the lady took a higher flight to the second and third stories, whither the erratic Sim was wont to escape whenever he slipped his chain. which on an average was six times a week. Ten minutes later Mrs. Brown, with a heightened color and Sim struggling in tere! her own

But Blake had little thought for captor or captive. The Marguerite refrain-"she loves me-loves me not"-kept repeating itself over and over again in the mind of this usually matter-of-fact young man. Would she or would she not wear his roses? Hope suggested she would-fear took a contrary view. And so the pro's and con's struggled for precedence till the summons to dinner.

Though Dick's back was toward the dining-hall door, he knew with a lover's clairvoyance when Francie entered. Above the clatter of chair legs, the rattle of dishes and babble of voices he heard the soft rustle of her dress before she reached and passed him, but he had not the courage for

the moment to look up. Not until Francie had taken her accustomed seat at the table directly opposite did Dick raise his eyes to learn his fate. And then his heart almost stopped beating. He saw nothing of the little smile and nod of recognition. All he saw was a dainty ruffle scarce whiter-no roses were

How Dick managed to get through the form of eating that Thanksgiving dinner drank mechanically of the odorous turkey that tasted to him like the ashes of Dead only time he ventured a second glance in very wide awake. Francie's direction she was chatting gaily with that infernal young Golden, of whom he had long been secretly jealous. And in

metaphor, this was the last feather. "Guess you left your appetite up-stairs, eh, Blake?" cheerfully remarked Widger, on his left, entirely unabashed by Dick's angry glare

The Rev. Mr. Putter, Dick's vis-a-vis, saw is apt to have a cer- an opening for a word in season. He was tain sameness about a stiff, pasty-faced individual, with mut- haps the reason that such a general chorus it. The country, the ton-chop whiskers and a chronic dislike gathering under the toward Dick who had once surreptitiously suggestion, while a number of faces were inserted Mrs. Brown's pet alligator bedinner and the wan- tween his ied sheets. "I fear," he solemnly remarked across

the table, "that your young friend is not "What the devil have I got to be thank-

ful for!" savagely ejaculated unhappy somewhere read or heard that "truth is Rev. Mr. Putters turned quite pale at stranger than fiction." And this shall be this unexpected and altogether diabolical my apology for thus departing from es- outburst which fell like a verbal thundertablished usages in the simple Thanksgiv- | bolt in the immediate vicinity. Yet what

had boldly avowed his sympathy with the From the stand-point of those who had ter's other boarders called it. The widow heard this explosive query, Dick Blake was also the owner of a parrot, two had much to be thankful for. Youth, dwarfed pugs with sawed-off noses, an health, intellect, gook looks and a com-Angora cat and a small pet aligator. But fortable competency are certainly bless-

the deceased Brown something like half Thus in effect mildly remarked a boarder a million. And as she paid liberally for as Dick, having pushed his chair back. her two front rooms on the first flight, abruptly left the room, followed by a Mrs. Baxter would have allowed her to wistful, wondering look from Francie's have kept an anaconda or a baby elephant | dark eyes, and one of different import from provided they did not annoy the other Mrs. Theodosia Brown's languishing orbs. "And a rich widow to be had for the asking." muttered old Bynner, softe voce, yet loud enough for Rev. Putter to hear-that

Mr. Putter scowled and Widger, who posed as a cynic, shrugged his shoulders. "Blake is one of those fellows who, born with a silver spoon in his mouth, is mad all the time because it isn't gold, don't you Bick himself was far too modest to applause which did not follow what he

But carelessly unconscious of the charitable comments of his fellow boarders, ter, his landlady, who was old enough to Dick made his way to his room, locked the be his mother, even had his affections not door and began to make preparations for an immediate departure to Kalamazoo or Her name was Frank or Francie-ac- Kamaschatka-it didn't matter. Any

While thus occupied, a highly, scented note was slipped under the door. The con-

"Mrs. Brown would be delited to have

inine reasons for speaking in a slighting | way. Lad then be wanted to approprie to | Rev. Putter for his hasty utterance. In always included Francie, who sang and played divinely, in her invitations to those

informal "gatherings." Mr. Blake did not appear as usual at supper. The monotonous tread of slippered feet pacing back and forth in his room and the strong smell of tobacco smoke, which drifted through the transom would seem to indicate an abortive from his mistress' room, sat looking down attempt at drowning his sorrows in the overflowing bowl of his meerschaum.

Most rooms exhibit certain characteristics of their occupants. Thus, Mrs. Theodosia Brown's might be described in a word-showy. There was a certain garishness of color everywhere visible, from the elaborately framed oil paintings against their background of heavily gilt paper, to the portiere and inside curtains and figured silk upholstery of the furni-

But it all looked very cheerful and gas chandeliers to the eyes of the dozen or more invited guests on the Thanksgiving evening of which I write. At least, so they all remarked as a sort of opening chorus, and we all know that what every

one says must be perfectly true. The menagerie was, generally speaking, in a somnolent condition. The pet alligator, relegated to the small ante room out of consideration to Mr. Putter's feelings. was presumably dormant in his box. The Angora cat slept contentedly on a Turk sh rug before an open grate of glow ng anthracite. The parrot slumbered-or pretended to-in his swinging perch in the big bay window. One of the pugs snored on a corner cushion. The whereabouts of the other was made known directly after the entrance of Rev. Mr. Putter. Being nearsighted he had not seen that the canine was occupying the newest easy chair, into which the reverend gentleman dropped heavily, to spring lightly and hastily up with a short, sharp shrick that was drowned in ear-piercing yelps.

But even this agreeable incident which convulsed several of the worldlings present with secret but unseemly laughter failed to chase the gloom from the brow of young Mr. Blake. In vain Mrs. Brown vouchsafed her sweetest smiles, while equally vain were the attempts of Miss Dasher, a very decollete young woman, to ture him to her side. With an air of Byronic melancholy that closely resembled sullenness, he stood afar off following with his eyes every movement of pretty Francie, to whom, on entering, he had vouchsafed the most formal of bows. Indeed, so marked had been his coldness

that Francie, who was perfectly unconven tional, had asked, with gentle surprise in the depths of her dark eyes: "Have I done any thing to offend you

Mr. Blake?" "It isn't what you have done, but what you haven't," he answered, rather bitterly. And his eyes had rested so strangely on her little lace pin at her throat that, involuntarily, Francie put up her siim hand to see if anything was wrong there. "I do not understand you," Francie had simply answered. And as poor Blake, full of jealous bitterness, forbore to explain, Francie drew herself up rather proudly and walked away.

But is it th s that gives the simple touch of pain to her marvelous contralto voice which a few moments later thrills the

-"under the artist's flying hand The white keys rise-the white keys fall." Hark-"I am tired-heart and feet

Turn from busy mart and street. I am tired-rest is sweet. "I am tired. Loss and gain, Golden sheaves and scattered grain, Hath the day not passed in vain."

"I do not feel in the mood for singing to night," she said, somewhat abruptly, ris ing as she spoke, to be at once taken possession of by young Golden, to Blake's inward wrath and despair. And then, in a reaction of reckless defiance, Dick began flirting fast and furious with Mrs. Theo. dosia Brown, who, resplendent in old gold and diamonds, was but too ready to re-

spond to such marked advances. And while Francie and Dick thus played at cross purposes the evening wore on in the usual way. The guests talked a little scandal, considerable gossip, and between rubbers of whist introduced enough liter ary conversation to give the correct tone to the occas on, till the entrance of the colored that at Francie's whi e throat, encircled by | waiter with a tray on which were glasses

of egg-nogg. Even Rev. Mr. Putter considered that a mild potation of this kind was allowable on Thanksgiving eve, and accepted the he does not know to this day. He ate and agreeable beverage with a cheerful smile. It was perhaps a trifle unfortunate that he chanced to take his place, goblet in Sca apples. Side dishes were an abomi- hand, directly under the swinging perch nation and pie a hollow mockery. The of the observant parrot, who just then was

For as Mr. Putter, elevating the goblet and clearing his throat, was about to-erpropose a toast, the wretched bird, cocking his head downward and fixing his hard, unwinking eye with infinite meaning upon Mr. Putter, remarked sepulchrally:

" Let up pray." Of course only wrong-minded people, given to unseemly levity, would see any thing to laugh at in this, which was perof severe coughing followed the injudicious suddenly averted. Old Bynner, it is true, shouted "Haw! haw!" and young Golden grew purple to his ear t ps with sup-

pressed mirth, but these two didn't count It was D.ck Blake who, coming to the rescue of his embarrassed hostess, tried



to create a diversion by leudly inquiring as to the whereabouts of his friend Sim,

whom he had not seen that evening. Had Mr. Blake known that a wicked young man among the guests-Biuffer by name-had been slyly plying Sim with egg-nogg behind the window curtains, be would perhaps not have ventured the

"Sim? oh, he's chained in the bay-window, sound asleep," responded the widow. with a giance in that direction. But alas! Sim was neither chained curtain folds on three legs, and uttering a sound like a hiccough strangled in its

The more timid of the ladies uttered

Mr. Banke's cutstretched hand, Sim rose short he brought every reason for his at- on his hind legs and staggered across the tendance except the real one. And this room, wildly waving his hand above his was that having an expensive upright head. Then he chattered and hiccoughed plane which she could not play. Mrs. Brown alternately for a moment, after which he plunged boisterously at unhappy Mr. Putter, and whom he bit in the calf of the leg. "He's mad-he's got the hydrophobia!" shouted Mr. Putter, in dire dismay as he held on to the wounded member with both hands.

If Sim was mad there was method in his madness; for all at once, having violently twitched the tail of the Angora cat in pass ing, he skipped nimbly up on a side table upon which stood the handsome buhl writing desk belonging to Mrs. Brown. Before that estimable lady realized the

situation Sim threw back the lid and snatched in his small paw an addressed en velope with a broken seal, with which he sprang to the floor. Mrs. Brown's fine color gave place to a

sickly pallor as she saw the act. "Catch him, some one-that letter"-she gasped, and Francie Bruton, who was not in the least afraid of Sim, whom she had pleasant in the subdued glow from the often coaxed into her room with bonbons, was quick to respond. Seizing Sim laughingly as he dashed

> from his paw, but as her eyes unwittingly rested on the address so plainly visible under the glass chandelier, she uttered a lit tle exclamation of surprise. "Why-it's addressed to me-and the

past her, Francie wrested the envelope

seal is broken!" she exclaimed, fixing her



"WUY, IT'S ADDRESSED TO ME !"

for the mement, was stricken dumb. There was an awkward silence that was su idealy broken by Dick Blake's deliberate voice. "Yes, Miss Francie," he said, quietly,

"I know it is yours, because I wrote it and laid it in your room while you were out this morning. The seal was unbroken then," he added, with a curling lip. "By Jove, that's a facer for the widow," muttered Bluffer, who was known to have

sporting proclivities. "I think I must bid you good night," said Francie, bowing with a slightly heightened color to the curious faces about | him. her, "Good night, Mrs. Brown," and vanished through the door.

Helf an hour later Mr. Blake heard a gentle tap at his door. Throwing it open, he stood for a moment in a state of extatic bewilderment.

demurely downward at a knot of roses, whose carnation seemed reflected in her cheeks. With a rapturous exclamation Blake sprang forward. But lifting her glad eyes

to his own with a sweet, yet shy glance. which told him all he would know, Francie turned and sped lightly up the stairway. Pausing at the head of the flight and detaching one of the roses from her breast, she touched her fresh young lips to it and tossed it so deftly that it fell at Blake's feet.

"Something to be thankful for," she whispered-"good-night " And Blake, no unfrequently, calls his wife his Thanks FRANK H. CONVERSE.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Peculiar'y a Woman's Festival-A Day Celebrated Within the Walls of Home. It may not oe generally recognized, but it is none the less true, that Thanksgivin is peculiarly a woman's festival. In the first place, unlike our other chies

National festival, the Fourth of July-for Christmas and New Years' have never been made the subject of National enactment or proclamation by the neads of the Government-Thanksgiving is a day celebrated within the walls of home; for even the church service in the morning, when one is attended, is a part of the home surroundings, the various members of the family gathering in pew as in another sort of the home, and all the rest of the day is a celebration of the idea of home and its environment. It is toward home that every one who is away from it looks on the approach of the day; it is home to which every one comes who has any home home that are remembered afterward in recalling the way the day was passed. -And home is the woman's throne-a platitude very possibly, but one nevertheless of deep s gnificance. Whatever other sphere she fills abroad and in the world, still, as where Macgregor sat was the head of the table, wherever woman is is the fireside and the altar; she is the peculiar genius of home, and the festival of Thanksgiving is the festival of the home-is the festival of

Woman is, then, entirely the priestess of this altar; and it is an altar, this Thanksgiving one, to which Delphos could have offered but a feeble rivalry. For the keeping of Thanksgiving Day intends not only the offering of thanks to Heaven for all blessings received, all misfortunes withheld, but it is with all that a celebration of the fact and existence of home. And who so fit and natural to make that shrine, as women are! Long, long ago, in profane records, we have the thanksgiving before meat, and far back in sacred records the thanksgiving was made before in the e times of ours and of our grandmothers has an entire day of thanksgiving been organized in which women were the chief actors, as circumstances have made them in the celebration of our Thanksgiving Day, and in which women, owing to that fact alone, can join with more heartiness than in any other. The red Indian has his wigwam, the rude savage his hut or cave, sometimes his associated but or cave; and the woman of that wigwam or that hut or cave has a vast journey to make before she reaches the em nence of the simplest woman in our homes when Thanksgiving Day is kept. It is this home and its opportunities and possibilities, which was separated from the associated hut, improved on the wigwam, differentiated at last from a place where a slave served into a place where a woman rules supreme in affection-it is this home, we

PRINCIPLE AND AND STREET AND THE PRINCIPLE RESIDENCE AND ADDRESS AND ADDRESS OF THE PARTY OF THE

For neters of obediently approaching DOT SURPLUS IS ALL RIGHT. Hans Brietman gave a party;

Where is dot party now? The Nation had a surplus: Where is that surplus now! G. Cleveland whacked the surplus; Where is G. Cleveland now! His message struck the surplus;

Where is that message now! Free Trade assailed the surplus; Where are Free Traders now The Mills bill hit the surplus: Where is the Mills bill now

They all "shied" at the surplus; Where are the "shyers" no The country had a surplus Where is that surplus now Don't worry about the surplus;

It will be all right now!

-Troy (N. Y.) Times. THE SOLDIERS' VICTORY. Great Triumph for the Boys Who Word

the Blue in 1851-65. The exciting political struggle is at last over, and victory perches on the banners of their veterans. They have vetoed the great vetoer

everywhere. From Maine to California, from the Lakes to the Ohio, they moved against him and his in solid columns, and routed him and them everywhere.

The victory is decisive and complete. It is a Waterloo for Mr. Cleveland. Colonel Matson and soldier-haters genknock-out blow.

high confidence. He had, from his point of view, abundant reason for this. Money without stint was at his command; he had the most powerful "machine" under his control that the country ever saw. With the South so seany exertion in that section, he could North, and who struggled hard to turn put into the Northern States a horde of incefatigable "workers" from it to reinforce the well-organized cohorts already there. He had powerful newspapers in all the Northern States. A strong majority of the papers in New York were on the side of free trade.

This gave him a confidence which led him and his friends to stoutly claim California, Nevada, Colorado, Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota, Michigan, New York, New Jersey and Connecticut. Sometimes they even claimed Ohio, Iowa, Wisconsin, Kansas and Nebraska. He claimed the most of these even up to midnight of the day of election, but every one has been carried against him except New Jersev and Connecticut, where the Prohibition vote saved these States to

The credit for his defeat is unquestionably due to the veterans. They presented a solid front against which he could not break, and which proved as chief instruments in the work. They decisive in the closer States. The have learned enough not to call a bill a For before him stood Francie, looking time had come for them to express their disapproval of him and his course, and they did it most emphatically. They forgot party affiliations in resenting hostility to them and their comrades. Had they divided as they did when he was first elected his reelection would have been assured.

> Nor has their work stopped with the defeat of their principal enemy. They have defeated Colonel Matson in Indiana, and elected in his stead that splendid friend of the soldiers, General A. P. Hovey. Thus is Matson's treachery properly punished.

They have also expressed their disapproval of the course of the present Congress in failing to pass the desired pension legislation, by taking the control away from the party which is now dominant in the House of Representatives and giving it to the Republicans.

The pledged friends of the soldiers will be in a strong majority in both Houses of next Congress, which with a President elected when the pension issue was made so prominent a feature of the campaign, makes the outlook for veteran's rights very bright. Possibly the decisive rebuke administered at the polls may spur Mr. Cleveland and the present Congress into doing something to make amends in the few months that remain to them of official life. If they do not, the next President and Congress will certainly reto come to. It is home and the things of spend heartily to the wishes of the men who saved the country.

Truly, it has been a great day for the veterans. - National Tribune (G. A. R.)

THE PROHIBITIONISTS. Where Is the Vote That Was to Rob the

Republicans of Victory?

Next to the astonishment expressed

over the disappearance of the mugwump vote is that relating to the Prohibition vote. The threatened overwhelming of both parties by the advocates of prohibition was a boast too recently made to be easily forgotten, but at least one of the old parties is alive and ki --- No, the other party is kicking, while the Prohibitionists, where are they? Where is the vote which was to rob the Republicans of celebration, to officiate as priestess at that the prize by defeating Harrison in march for the higher and better civili-New York? Where was the boasted zation where the sunlit cities shine Prohibition strength in Iowa, the on the hills.-Cincinnati Commercial stronghold of prohibitory legislation? Gazette. the bread was broken; but never till There is but one answer to these questions. Prohibitionists, unlike mugagitation in a few widely scattered points the Prohibitionists made little stroy that plea. - Chicago Journal. attempt to rally under the banner of say, which has given woman much of the ance of power is gone. Their local at nightmare of what seems a political enlightenment and uplifting she has re- tempts at prohibition have proved dream!-Buffalo Express. asleep, and at the repetition of his name ceived, and which continues to help her failures, and therefore the wise men of Think of it! There is not only he suddenly crawled from beneath the by means of advantages increasing from the party have generally agreed that a prospect, but an absolute certainty, generation to generation.

It becomes women, then, to keep this festival of Thanksgiving as something peculiarly their own; to spare themselves no movement. This is about the only reason which has all along been ing the oboice of culiarly their own; to spare themselves no movement This is about the only rea- colony, which has all along been

THE PEOPLE'S VERDICT.

Some Things That Have Been Taught by the Great Republican Victory. The people have decided for the Republican party after four years of Democracy in the White House. Every fraudulent pretense upon which Mr. Cleveland was supported as a reformer, all the cant of his friends about non-partisanship in the public service, all their sham zeal for purification of the Government, have been made contemptible and odious in popular estimation by the conduct of Mr. Cleveland's Administration. A single term of experience under a Democratic sham reformer was enough, and more than enough. The President himself, and the choice assortment of disloyalists, seamps, jailbirds and political knaves whom he has placed in office instead of loyal, trained and faithful public servants, will retire into obscurity. Not by such material can an intelligent Nation be governed a second term. With them depart from public consequence the hypocrites who professed to be anxious about the purity of the Government, in order to stab in the back the defenders of protection.

The people have decided that the American policy of protection for home industries shall stand; that any needed modification shall be made by its sincere friends, and not by those erally. They have been struck a who, under the false pretense of seeking only a moderate reform of the tar-Cleveland entered the contest with iff, have tried to break down that policy, and to start the country on the road toward English free trade.

For months the most effective help ers of the liquor interest have been those professed temperance men who deprived the Republican candidates of curely solid that there was no need of the electoral votes they lost at the over many others to the Democratic party. Honest and brave Republicans of New York passed a license bill, and were rewarded in the defeat of Mr. Miller by the conduct of professed temperance men, who helped to re-elect the Governor by whom the measure was vetoed. Honest and brave Republicans in New Jersey passed a Local Option law, and were rewarded by a delivery of the electoral votes of the State to a free-trade candidate, and by the defeat of Legislative candidates who were obnoxious to the salcon interest. The result will make thirdparty Prohibitionists everywhere recognized as the allies of the rum-shops.

The Democrats proposed "a campaign of education," and there is not the least doubt that the people have been educated to a notable extent. They have learned enough not to trust a person as a reformer who picks out such men as Thompson and Higgins measure of "moderate tariff reform, which English manufacturers shout over as a free-trade triumph. They have learned that a Prohibitionist who works to help the rum-shops is not the best friend in the world of temperance. Let us all be thankful that so much has been learned. Let us also be thankful that under that rule of the Grand Old Party, which has helped the country to become more honored and powerful, richer and more prosperous, happier in its homes and more progressive in its institutions, than any other country on earth, these United States will resume the onward and upward march which the election of Grover Cleveland in 1884 partially arrested.-N. Y.

AFTER THE ELECTION.

The educational campaign has been a wonderful Democratic eveopener .- N. Y. Tribune.

"The Solid South" and "The Solid North" will merge into "the Solid United States," Hail, Columbia!

-Minneapolis Tribune. ROVER HAMPION REAT BRITAIN'S

-Philadelphia Press. The Democrats who were betting on Michigan have gone out into the woods to meet the fellows who staked their money on Minnesota .-Burlington Hawkeye.

The Brigadiers who have been

sojourning abroad for the past few years at the expense of the country they tried to destroy can prepare to come home. - Ohio State Journal. Thanks to the Republican National Committee. They were men, every one, and were backed up by men

from the Atlantic to the Pacific. More

harmonious and energetic workers never united to accomplish greater results .-- Chicago Inter Ocean. It has been decided that the people of the United States do not on coming to the forks of the path, take the one that leads downward into the barbaric lands, but they are on the

The Democrats say that the Republicans "bought up" enough votes wumps, are amenable to the laws of to carry New York. If that was the reason, and when they are con- case, there must have been a good vinced of the error of their many Democrats for sale. But it is Kansas City and St. Louis, Mo. former ways, they thereupon retrieve not true. The Republican gain was in their mistakes. In spite of sporadic the country, where the purchaseable vote is not found. This seems to de-

Farewell to thee, Grover the the hermaphrodite ticket of Fisk and Lucky, Bayard the Blunderer, Gar-Brooks. Prohibitionists have at last land the Unsavory, Black the Total come to the conclusion that their Wreck, Higgins the Heeler, Phelps the cause will flourish better under Repub- Chappie, Gorman the Smooth, Stevenlican rule than under the proposed son the Headsman, Kelley, the Royal regime of prohibition. They never Football, Dickinsor the Partisan, and had a chance of succeeding national- all the phantasmasorical crew who ly, and their hope of obtaining the bal- have strutted and fretted through the

"Mrs. Brown would be delited to have "that type-writer girl."
But Mrs. Brown was thirty odd, somewhat high colored, inclined to emboapoint and a Langtry wave; while Francie was all nated as a specific with a graceful, well-rounded figure and a firm, elastic step, suggestive of perfect health. And when I add thats the suggestive and a sweet, refined face, instroundark eyes and heavy hair curling tendril-like over a broad, white forehead, and was, withat a graceful, well-rounded figure and a firm, elastic step, suggestive and a sweet, refined face, instroundark eyes and heavy hair curling tendril-like over a broad, white forehead, and was, withat a good as she was protty, it will be readily seen that the sidew had the best of fem."

"Mrs. Brown would be delited to have mall screams and cast imploring glances at their male protectors. Miss Dash, gathering at her rooms this Thanksgiving glances at their male protectors. Miss Dash, gathering at her rooms this Thanksgiving glances at their male protectors. Miss Dash, gathering at her rooms that the young man mutation of the Bayers, it will be readily and mild-mannered for the male streams and cast imploring glances at their male protectors. Miss Dash, gathering at her rooms this Thanksgiving glances at their male protectors. Miss Dash, gathering at her rooms this Thanksgiving glances at their male protectors. Miss Dash, gathering at her personal pocket-piece at their male protectors. Miss Dash, gathering at her personal pocket-piece at their male protectors. Miss Dash, gathering at her will be seen in the preparations of the feast, and somable conclusion they could arrive of the Bayards (Buyards, if you please, eve.

"Naughty Sim," said Mrs. Brown, rebaked to those who are away to the central hearth, and giving great cheer to those that are all desirable to those who are away to the coming years. It is to those who are away to the seen in the preparations of the feast, and somable conclusion the mall creat, and the wisdom of their at, and the wisdom of their at, and

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Banker,

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